

A new ballade of the Marigolde.

The God aboue, for mans delight,
Hath heere ordayne, euery thing,
Sonne, Moone and Sterres, shynynge so bright,
With all kinde frutes, that here doth spring,
And Flowres that are, so flourishynge :

Amonges all which, that I beholde,
(As to my minde, best contentynge)

I doo commende, the Marigolde,
In weare, first springeth the Violet:
The Primrose then, also doth sprede:
The Coulispeete, abroad doth get:
The Daisye gaye, sheweth forth her hed:
The Medowes greene, so garnished,

Most goodly (truly) to beholde,
For which, God is to be Praised :

Yet I commende, the Marigolde.
The Rose, that chearfully doth shewe,
At Windsor, her course hath shee:
The Lily white, after doth growe:
The Columbine, then see may yce:
The Poliflowre, in fresh degree,

with sundrie mo, then can be tolde,
Though they, neuer so pleasaunt bee,

Yet I commende, the Marigolde.
Though these, which here are mentioned,
Bee delectable to the eye,
By whom sweete smells, are ministred,
The sense of man, to satisfie,
Yet, each as serueth his fantasie :

wherfore to say, I wyl be bolde,
And to aduoyde, all flaterie,

I doo commende the Marigolde.
All these, but for a time doth serue,
Soone come, soone gone, so doth they fare,
At feruent heates and stormes thei sterue,
Fadynge away, their staulkes left bare,
Of that I praise, thus say I dare,

Shee sheweth glad cheare, in heate and colde,
Moche profitynge, to hertes in care,

Such is this floure, the Marigolde.
This Marigolde Floure, marke it well,
With Sonne dooth open, and also shut,
which (in a meanyng) to vs doth tell,
To Christ Gods Sonne, our willes to put,
And by his woorde, to set our fute,

Stiffly to stande, as Champions bolde,
From the truthe, to stagger nor stutte,

For which I praise the Marigolde.
To Marie our Queene, that floure so sweete,
This Marigolde, I doo apply,
For that the Name, doth serue so meete,
And propertie, in eache partie,
For her endurynge patiently,

The stormes of such, as list to scolde
At her dooynges, without cause why,
Loth to see spring, this Marigolde.

Shee may be calde, Marigolde well,
Of Marie (chiefe) Christes mother deere,
That as in heauen, shee doth excell,
And Golde in earth, to haue no peere:
So (certainly) shee shineth cleere,

In Grace and honoure double folde,
The like was neuer earst scene heere,

Suche is this floure, the Marigolde,
Her education well is knowne,
From her first age, how it hath wrought,
In singler Vertue shee hath growne,
And seruyng God, as she well ought,
For which he had her, in his thought,

And shewed her, Graces many folde,
In her estate, to see her brought,

Though some dyd spite this Marigolde.
Yf she (in faith) had erred a misse,
whiche God, most sure, doth vnderstande,
wolde hee haue doone, as proued is,
Her Ennys so, to bring to hande:

No, be ye sure, I make a bande,
For seruyng him, he needes so wolde,
Make her to Reigne ouer Englande.

So loueth hee this Marigolde.
Her conuersacion, note who list,
It is more heauenly, then terraine,
For which, God doth her Actes assist:
All meekenesse doth, in her remaine:
All is her care, how to ordayne,

To haue Gods Glorie here extolde,
Of Poore and Riche, shee is most fayne,

Christ saue therfore this Marigolde.
Sith so it is, God loueth her,
And shee, his Grace, as doth appeare:
Ye may be bolde, as to referre,

All doubtfulnesse, to her most cleare,
That, as her owne, in like manere,

She wilth your welthes, both yong & olde,
Obey her then, as your Queene deare,

And say: Christ saue this Marigolde.
Christ saue her, in her high Estate,

Therin (in rest) long to endure:
Christ so all wronges, heere mitigate.

That all may be, to his pleasure,
The high, the lowe, in due measure,

As membres true, with her to holde,
So, eache to be, thothers treasure,

In cherishynge, the Marigolde.
Be thou (O God) so good as thus:

Thy Perfect Fayth, to see take place:
Thy Peace thou plant, here among vs,

That Errour may, go hide his face,
So to conorde vs in eache case.

As in thy Courte, it is enrolde:
wee all (as one) to loue her Grace,

That is our Queene, this Marigolde.

God saue the Queene.

Quod. William Forrest, Priest.

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